he took pains to conceal that fact. the tips of his fingers.

with Winnie Platt, who also was of moon, to be together, to be alonethe innermost inner set of Keepsburg. everybody said Keepsburg would soon certainly have left us alone!" she first, he decided, rid himself of his young man continued less confilose them. And everybody was right, sighed. When single each had sighed for siege to New York.

THEY were too crafty to at once they met while on their honeymoon at Palm Beach had told them not to attempt that. And as she was the ciety paper they naturally accepted interminable and that if you hoped came as sharply as a scream of terto break into New York society the ror. It continued in a bellow of at once expose that fact and the re-

from Keepsburg, which meant noth-

club you may get to know them. Then, when winter comes, you follow them on to the city."

Van Wardens you were not to be

I'd break would be my neck."

for the purposes of their social comedy the stage setting was perrented from a man of charming taste and inflated fortune; and with it they butler, his pictures, furniture, family silver and linen. It stood upon an eminence, was heavily wooded and chief attraction was an artificial lake and also in full view from the road to

Albany. much concern. In the neighborhood were many laborers, and on several nights the fish had tempted these born poachers to trespass; and more than once, on hot summer evenings, small boys from Tarrytown and hedge and used the lake as a swim-

ming pool. "It makes me nervous," complained Winnie. "I don't like the idea of people prowling around so near the house. And think of those hundreds of convicts, not one mile away, in Sing Sing. Most of them are burglars, and if they ever get out our house is the very first one they'll

break into. "I haven't caught anybody in this neighborhood breaking into our house

N their home town of Keepsburg the dusk of a wonderful October concern Fred. He did not weigh his note now was of deeper rage and pered. "I won't forget this or you amazed glances at the beautiful lady, of an old friend. Still beaming, he at table and reaching a state of such the Keeps were the reigning dythe Keeps were the reigning dynight had fallen on the hedges, the duty to the state of New York or to came in greater volume. Between either. I'll send the money back Fred thrust him into the seat beside bowed to Keep. nasty, socially and in every way. clumps of evergreens, the rows of society. One day when he had "is- his clenched teeth the naked one same time I send the clothes." Old man Keep was president of close-clipped box. A full moon was ited "the institution," as a somewhat cursed flercely, and then, as though But Fred, his son, and the heir ap- silver. Fred rose from his wicker chance of a prisoner's escaping from shaking, he drew the canvas cloak Fred slammed the door, and, like a parent, did not inherit the business chair and, crossing to his young Sing Sing and not being at once reability of his father; or, if he did, bride, touched her hair fearfully with taken was one out of six thousand.

Fred had gone through Harvard, but "What if we don't know anybody, ing proposition. Any man who could as to that also, unless he told people. Win," he said, "and nobody knows beat a six-thousand-to-one shot comthey would not have known it. Ten us? It's been a perfectly good honey- manded his admiration. minutes after Fred met a man he moon, hasn't it? If you just look at it that way it works out all right. action, he tried to imagine himself assuringly. "I live near here." When Fred arranged an alliance We came here really for our honey-Winnie laughed shortly. "They escape. Were he that man, he would

"But where else could we have other social worlds to conquer, and been happier?" demanded the young and ampittions they found keepsburg as if is at this minute, so still and he obtain clothes? He might hold up me, and I guess you've read about me the boy could be trusted. sweet and silent? There's nothing the matter with that moon, is there Nothing the matter with the lake? Where's there a better place for a attack New York itself. A widow honeymoon? It's a bower-a bower

Palm Beach correspondent of a soher advice. She warned them that in side the shriek of a giant siren. It New York the waiting list is already was raucous, virulent, insulting. It

clever thing to do was to lay siege rage. Then, as suddenly as it had to it by way of the suburbs and the cried aloud, it sank to silence; only ountry clubs. If you went direct to after a pause of an instant, as New York knowing no one, you would though giving a signal, to shrick again in two sharp blasts. And then again it broke into the hideous, longsoul of him who heard it, even of the

"In the name of heaven," gasped Down the terrace the butler was hastening toward them. When he

stopped he spoke as though he were announcing dinner. "A convict, sir." I thought you might not understand would wish Mrs. Keep to come in-"Why?" asked Winnie Keep.

"The house is near the road, ing, but as the Fred Keeps of Long madam," said the butler, "And there are so many trees and bushes. Last summer two of them hid there, and the keepers-there was a fight." The man glanced at Keep. Fred touched his wife on the arm

"And what are you going to do?" de-

manded Winnie. THE point from which the Keeps "I'm going to finish this cigar first. elected to launch thier attack it doesn't take me long to change. was Scarboro-on-the-Hudson. They He turned to the butler. "And I'll

be fought and won upon the golf French window that opened from the links of the Sleepy Hollow Country terrace to the library Mrs. Keep lin-Club. But the attack did not succeed. gered irresolutely.. "Fred," she beg-Something went wrong. They began ged, "you-you're not going to poke to fear that the lady correspondent around in the bushes, are you?-just had given them the wrong dope. For, because you think I'm frightened?" although three months had passed Her husband laughed at her. "I cerand they had played golf together tainly am not!" he said. "And you're with you in a minute.

But the girl hesitated. Still shat-

Warden estate had the appearance of edge of the terrace and, leaning for- draped, for around his nakedness he "My boy!" he exclaimed, "you're startled, inquiring eyes to where ward with his chin in his hands, sat staring down at the lake. The moon had blotted the lawns with black. lake. But, except for that, the man "but this isn't safe for either of us. rigid squares, had disguised the hedges with wavering shadows. Somewhere near at hand a criminala murderer, burglar, thug-was at amazement, still clamored not only and in no sense cold or unsociable. life. The whole countyside heard it; the farmers bedding down their cattle for the night, the guests of the

candle shades, the joy riders along granite walls of the prison. Whichever way the convict jurned it hunted him, reaching for him, pointing

"Find him!" shrieked the siren. "Find him! He's there, behind your hedge! He's kneeling by the stone light. That's he crawling through the dead leaves! Stop him! Drag

him down! He's mine! Mine!" But from within the prison, from within the gray walls that made the home of the siren, each of 1,200 men clinging to the bars of his cell; each, his thumbs up, urging on with all the strength of his will the hunted, ratlike figure that aumbled panting wildered by strange lights, beset by shadows, staggering and falling, running like a mad dog in circles, could not let him suppose that he him the siren still held him by the beels.

AS a rule, when Winnie Keep was dressing for dinner, Fred, in the room adjoining, could hear her unonsciously and light-heartedly singing to herself. It was a habit of hers that he loved. But on this night. where he sat upon the terrace, he

He had been on the terrace for a quarter of an hour. Gridley, the aged butler who was rented with the house, and who for twenty years had been an inmate of it, had brought the cocktail and taken away the empty glass. And Keep had been alone with his thoughts. They were entirely of the convict. If the man suddenly confronted him and begged his aid, what would he do? He knew yet," said Fred, "and I'd be glad to quite well what he would do. He considered even the means by which he would assist the fugitive to a suc-

So with Fred it was largely a sport-

Having settled his own course of in the place of the man who at that very moment was endeavoring to telltale clothing. But that would dently. leave him naked, and in Westchester county a naked man would be quite

back. It's all right," he added, re- and put his ear to the crack.

 W^{ITH} a start, Keep raised his eyes, and, distressed by his look, the

"Exactly!" said Fred. closer to him. But at no time did sentry on guard, paced before it. Don't speak! The man knows what his anxious, prying eyes leave the After a period which seemed to to do of clothes, could you?" he stuttered. knocking. With equal caution Fred the signal. Fred nodded sharply, and "Just for tonight? I'll send them opened the door the width of a finger the chauffeur stooped to throw in the

stranger.

the trolley line, the telephone com- just showing itself above the tree- sensitive neighborhood prefers to to avoid further questions, burst into The wheels of the touring car the stranger was stupidly twisting in I suggest, sir, he is very partial to written message he had taken from pany and the Keep National Bank. tops, turning the lake into moving speak of it, he was told that the a fit of coughing. Trembling and crunched on the gravel drive and his hands, Fred whispered fiercely:

"You couldn't find me a button From the hedge beside the driveway hook could you?" whispered the directly in front of the wheels, some-

ed the chauffeur. James, the chauf- dirt; something that cringed and lieve it." he stammered, "seeing me feur, was a Keepsburg boy, and when erawled, that tried to rise and sank when they combined their fortunes husband loyally. "Where will you as conspicuous as one in the purple- like this; but I do live right near Keep had gone to Cambridge James back upon its knees, lifting to the

the chauffeur. Pointing at the golf cap and automobile goggles which "Put those on! Cover your face! the Paul Vibert, '84."

came from the inside a cautious James the chauffeur was waiting for clutch. But the car did not start. thing on all fours threw itself upon the gravel; something in a suit of

butler to the stranger and then at faithful chauffeur, his wife. She was again radiantly

beautiful and smilingly happy. I open a bottle sir?" he asked

heavenward. 'Open a case!" he roared. At 10 o'clock, when they were still

"If Mr. Harry-Mr. Van Warden," would be calling each other by their he said, "is to stay to dinner, might first names, Gridley brought in a the telephone. It was a long-distance Fred Keep gazed stupidly from his call from Yonkers sent by James, the

"I got that party the articles he Gridley coughed tentatively. "Shall needed," it read, "and saw him safe on a train to Boston. On the way Hopelessly Fred tossed his arms back I got arcested for speeding the car on the way down. Please send

money. I am in a cell in Yonkers," (Copyright, 1922.)

OUR FAMOUS SONGS

-Ben Bolt-

world-famous song of Dr. Thomas Dunn English, beginning with the touching lines: Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt.

Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown.

Few know the incidents connected with its composition and which helped o make it famous.

Dr. English was born in 1819 and spent most of his life as a practicing saide from the pathetic strain which physician in New Jersey, surviving which his fame rests was written for this, however, there is a charm about N. P. Willis in 1843 and first published in the New York Mirror in hat year.

It was set to music by a strolling and last two verses are herewith player, H. B. Kneass, the air being quoted: ene used in an old German song. It quickly became a favorite and was sung in all parts of the world, but from the song Dr. English never reeived one cent of compensation. * * * *

WHEN Du Maurier's "Trilby" became a stage favorite "Ben Bolt" took a spurt forward and the popularity of the play carried the song And don't you remember the school. Ben Bolt into new channels of popular favor. It will be recalled, as Dr. Maurier describes a scene in the play, that "Gecko cuddling lovingly his violin and closing his upturned eyes, played And of all the boys that were schoolmate that simple melody as it probably never had been played before-such passion, such pathos, such a toneand they turned it and twisted it, and went from one key to another, playing Into each other's hands. Svengali taking the lead; and fugued and canoned and counterpointed and bat- Twelve months twenty have passed. Ben Bolt. tle-doored and shuttle-cocked it, high and low, soft and loud, in minor, in Your presence a blessing, your friendship pizzicato and in sordina-adiago, anhausted all its possibilities of beauty, til their susceptible audience of three during the latter part of his life Dr was all but crazed with delight and English became interested is politics wonder, and the masterful Ben Bolt being elected a member of Congress and his over-tender Alice and his too from Essex, N. J., district. Because submissive friend and his old school- of the popularity of his song he relong dead schoolmates and the rustic ton, many of the members telling him porch and the mill and the slab of that when they were children their granite so gray, were all magnified mothers had sung it to them. He into a strange, almost holy poetic dignity and splendor quite undreamed | "Ben Bolt" became a song a ship, a of by whoever wrote the words and steamboat and a race horse were music of that little song."

Dr. English was flooded with requests and the race horse never won a race

ORE than three generations for autographs from all kinds of peohave lived and loved the ple. One woman asked for a lock of his hair, but he wrote her he had just been to the barber and she would have to wait until he grew a new erop. Another woman wanted to know if the original Alice was an beautiful as described, but as there was no original Alice, the question remained unanswered.

THE original poem centains five verses of eight lines each, and runs through all the lines, there is intil April, 1902. The poem upon no special literary merit. In spite of the words - a something which touches the soul-enough, at least, to make the song immortal. The first

> Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown Who wept with delight when you gave her a

In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt They have fitted a slab of granite so gray And Alice lies under the ster

With the master so cruel and grim And the shaded nook in the running brook Where the children went to swin

Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt, The spring of the brook is dry

There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved. Ben They have changed from the old to the new

But I feel in the depths of my spirit the truth That never was change in you

Ren Bolt, of the salt-sea gale.

Few people, perhaps, know that master so kind and so true and his ceived marked attention in Washingused to tell the story that soon after named after it, adding: "The ship

ing. That's for your own good!" The chauffeur mechanically touched his cap and started down the steps Developed by Veteran

green, exists no more. once was a picnic place and pleasure

ground. south by Upshur street, it was sep- are still an inspiration to mankind. arated from the United States Soldiers' Home, only a small space on Scouts take through this park. Many the west of Rock Creek Church road. a wonderful hunt for wild flowers was and it extended north for several conducted especially for the girls. Mr.

Petworth was sparsely populated in the old days, and its citizens were

ABOUT 1896 or 1898, Edwin S. Libby, who had been an inmate Fred had supposed that at the last of the United States Soldiers' Home moment the younger convict pur- since 1895, first became interested in this bit of woodland. It was then brush. Violations of the law were Fred shouted impotently after the being committeed there. Bad charcflying car. In dismay he seized the ters frequented it. The place was also infested with chiggers, ticks, etc. Altogether, it was looked upon in the neighborhood as an unsafe and undesirable spot and a reflection

on the community.

It was then that Mr. Libby, who "I don't want to get away." he said. along with many others had been "I was hoping, maybe, you'd let me protesting rather heavily against the thaniel Wilson had owned the place the property and he gave Libby perhe wished, on his own responsibility. provided it would cost him (the sed that it would not be sold during Libby's life.

So Mr. Libby fixed up a tent and spent the summer out of doors, with two-fold purpose; first, a philanthropic motive, to clean up the place. which was a disgrace to the community; and second, he wanted the outdoor exercise to improve his

burning underbrush and diggins up stumps, so that a little sun might shine through, and the worst of the task

for a visit to the city which he he had a good natural park. loved, what would be say of the With his own meager pension money changes that time and man have Edwin Libby fixed up seats and tables the long motorcoat, he flung it over wrought in the heautiful garden spot and erected swings for the children. He was naked to his heels. He was a Follow me and I'll dress you up and Keep was coming down the stairs to- the suit of purple-gray. The goggles which bore his name? Loyal citi- even bought an ice chest and installed young man of Fred's own age. His send you where you want to go." He ward him. She had changed to one he clapped upon the old man's fright- zens of Petworth, who cherish his it near his tent. It came to be the hair was cut close, his face smooth- turned and whispered over his shoul- of the prettiest evening gowns of her ened eyes, the golf cap he pulled memory are asking themselves this favorite picnic ground, not only of Petshaven and above his eye was a half- der: "Some day let me hear from you. trousseau, and so outrageously lovely down over the white hair. With one question today, and even the younger worth people but also of other Washwas the combination of herself and arm he lifted the convict and with generation, usually so thoughtless, ingtonians, and Mr. Libby was ever In alarm the naked one with a the gown that her husband's excite- the other dragged and pushed him cannot forget the kind old soldier ready to suggest the spot most suital

Several months ago many of the great was their regard for him tha to the coatroom and, opening the the stranger emerged. Winnie, not line. As soon as you're across, buy cleared and now the workmen are Park," and put it up at the edge of the wood, which was ever after called b

Many a wonderful hike did the B

py, and he loved his park with a

passion possible only where one's whole heart is in his work. He had no im "children" filled the gap.

He was born in Exeter, Me., in 1835. He enlisted in B Company of the Sixth Maine Volunteer Infantry in 1861. Then in 1863 he enlisted in the Regular Army and served in Battery O of the Fourth United States Artillery in 1863 and 1864, by virtue of which service he was admitted to the Soldiers' Home.

zens had a picnic in Libby Park, and they presented Mr. Libby with handsome meerschaum pipe. This

Shortly thereafter he moved to the

The Washington school children sent an immense floral tribute at this time, and hundreds of them attended the funeral. He is buried in the National cemetery, just outside of

started in the Petworth Citizens' Association to secure an appropriation from Congress to purchase it as a recreation park for the neighborhoo A committee was appointed by the acsociation and an elaborate report was prepared, but the desired result was was done. In the place of the stumps not obtained. - MARY E. PRICE.

sult would be disastrous. She told them of a couple like them- drawn scream of rage, insistent, selves, young and rich, from the west, breathless, commanding, filling the who, at the first dance to which they were invited, asked, "Who is the old innocent, with alarm, lady in the wig?" and that question argued them so unknown that it set Keep, "what's that?" them back two years. * * * * T was a terrible story and it filled the Keeps with misgivings. They he said, "has escaped from Sing Sing. agreed with the lady correspondent that it was far better to advance the whistle. I thought perhaps you leisurely; first firmly to intrench themselves in the suburbs, and then doors." to enter New York, not as the Keeps

Island, or Westchester, or Borden-"In all of those places" explained the widow, "our smartest people have country homes, and at the country "It's time to dress for dinner, Win,

selected Scarboro because both of have a cocktail, too. I'll have it out them could play golf, and they plan- here." ned that their first skirmish should The servant left them, but in the until they were as loath to clasp a not frightened, either. Go in. I'll be golf club as a redhot poker, they

found on any map. bears his name, and ever since those chance?" days the Van Wardens had looked down on everybody else. The Van WHEN she had gone Fred pulled try place were as cold and unsociable as the sort of people who occupy cemeteries-except "Harry" Van Warden,

tion-for he frequently motored out to Warden Koopf, the Van Warden had tricked still bellowed in rage, in country seat-and according to the So far as the Keeps read of him, he was always being arrested for speeding, or breaking his collar-bone out Briar Cliff Inn, dining under the red hunting, or losing his front teeth at polo. This greatly annoyed the proud the Albany road. It woke the echoes sisters at Warden Koopf; not bein Sleepy Hollow. It crossed the cause Harry was arrested or had Hudson. The granite walls of the It was as though he had been waitbroken his collar-bone, but because it Palisades flung it back against the dragged the family name into the

ride to hounds instead of playing him out-stirring in the heart of each of his visitor his wife might return golf." sighed Winnie Keep to her who heard it the lust of the hunter, and take alarm, and that the man. husband, "you would meet Harry Van which never is so cruel as when the Warden, and he'd introduce you to hunted thing is a man.

in anywhere." "If I was to ride to hounds" returned her husband, "the only thing wall. That's he running in the moon-

was completely satisfactory, and fect. The house was one they had cursed it with all his soul. Each, well stocked with trout that lay di-

Ossining had broken through the although her room was directly above

"You—you couldn't lend me a suit

Indignantly fred shut the door, purple-gray: something torn and and, walking to the verafida, hall-bleeding, smeared with sweat and

when they combined their fortunes back upon its killed and ambitions they found Keepsburg find any prettier place than this, just and ambitions they found Keepsburg find any prettier place than this, just be obtain all the could be an ambitions they found Keepsburg find any prettier place than this, just be obtain all the could be an ambitions they found Keepsburg find any prettier place than this, just be obtained by the could be a second be a second by the could be a second be a second by the could be a second by and white hair of a very old, old man

FROM THE HEDGE BESIDE THE DRIVEWAY, DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE WHEELS, SOMETHING THREW ITSELF UPON THE GRAVEL,

shivered and held her fingers to her farmer; might despoil a scarecrow. emerged. He was not entirely un- dences. recognized it as having been torn genius;" He rose and made a from one of the rowboats in the peremptory gesture. "Sorry," he said, questions." healed bruise. He had the sharp. A man with your nerve-" clever, ratlike face of one who lived by evil knowledge. Water dripped gesture commanded silence. from him, and either for that reason

was not in the least surprised.

ing for the man, as though it had been an appointment. Two thoughts alone concerned him-that before he could rid himself not knowing his friendly intentions, and in a state to commit murder, might rush him. But the stranger made no hostile move and for a moment in the moonlight the two young

men eyed each other warily. Then, taking breath and with a violent effort to stop the chattering of his teeth, the stranger launched into his story. "I took a bath in your pond," he

blurted forth, "and-and they stole my clothes! That's why I'm like Fred was consumed with envy. In comparison with this ingenious narbecame his own plans to rid himself of accusing garments and explain his with admiration. But even though he applauded the other's invention he

was deceived by it. "Isn't it rather a cold night to take bath?" he said. As though in hearty agreement, the naked man burst into a violent fit of

shivering. "It wasn't a bath," he gasped. "It "A what!" exclaimed Fred. His admiration was increasing. "A bet?

"I am now-demn them!" exclaimed the naked one. He began again in the light from that room. They bet me I didn't dare strip and swim across your pond with you sitting so the tie. near. I can see now it was framed up on me from the start, for when I was swimming back I saw them run to where I'd left my clothes, and then I heard them start, and when I got to the hedge the car was gone!" Keep smiled encouragingly. "The

he assented. "So you've been

riding around in the moonlight?"

The other nodded and was about to

a passer-by, and, if the passer-by in the papers, too. I'm-that is, my that is, they did not know the Van tering the silence of the night, the did not flee from him or punch him name"—like one about to take a York," he said, "or wherever he wants rising from far down in the pit of the Wardens; and if you lived at Scar- siren shrieked relentlessly; it seemed into insensibility, he might effect an plunge, he drew a short breath, and to go. Don't talk to him. Don't ask stomach, wrenching the body like oro and were not recognized by the to be at their very door, to beat and exchange of garments. He might by the rat-like eyes regarded Keep any questions. So, if you're ques- waves of nausea. The man stretched buffet the window panes. The bride threats obtain them from some watchfully-"my name is Van War- tioned, you can say you know noth- his arms toward them. From long den. I'm the one you read about- ing. That's for your own good." With none of these plans was Harry-I'm Harry Van Warden!"

"Why don't they stop it?" she whis- Fred entirely satisfied. The question After a pause, slowly and reprov- his cap and started down the steps. no further! I give myself up." How hest ingly Fred shook his head; but his As he did so, the prison whistle, still Above the awful silence that held could a naked man clothe himself? smile was kindly, even regretful, as unsatisfied, still demanding its prey, the four young people the prison And as he sat pondering that point, though he were sorry he could not shattered the silence. As though it siren shricked in one long, mocking from the bushes a naked man longer enjoy the stranger's confi- had hit him a physical blow, the howl of triumph.

had drawn a canvas awning. Fred more than Van Warden! You're a Keep stood above him.

The naked man, leaving in his wake suddenly appear from among the Go through White Plains to Green-down the bare hill, at the place where that name. a trail of damp footprints, followed dustcoats, uttered a sharp shriek. Fred pointed at golf capes, sweat- presence of mind Fred swung upon the presence of the owner of the car. ers, greatcoats, hanging from hooks, the visitor.

and on the floor at boots and over-"Put on that motorcoat and the of the servants butt in, don't lose nod his head dully. your head. Just say you're waiting to see me-Mr. Keep. I won't be car is waiting."

long. Wait." "Wait!" snorted the stranger. "You bet I'll wait!" As Fred closed the door upon him

golf jacket.

suit of blue serge, a tenhis shirt, late. For protection she moved in motionless. rative how prosaic and commonplace boots, even a tie. Underclothes he some alarm toward her husband. found ready laid out for him and he snatched them from the bed. From nakedness. He regarded the stranger a roll of money in his bureau drawer he counted out a hundred dollars. Tactfully he slipped the money in the trousers pocket of the serge suit, and citing its lesson, he exclaimed explo- to where upon the upper step stood with the bundle of clothes in his sively: arms raced downstairs and shoved them into the coatroom. "Don't come out until I knock," he

The stranger grunted. Fred rang for Gridley and told him to have his car brought around to duced an instant and appalling effect the door.' He wanted it to start at She fairly radiated excitement and once-within two minutes. When the delight. How her husband had sucbutler had departed, Fred, by an inch, ceeded in capturing the social prize reluctantly. "We saw you from the again opened the controom door. The of Scarboro she could not imagine, road, you and a woman, sitting here stranger had draped himself in the but for doing so she flashed toward underclothes and the shirt and at him a glance of deep and grateful the moment was carefully arranging devotion. "Hurry!" commanded Keep.

car'll be here in a minute. Where to dinner?" she asked.

vehement whisper, "don't come out

at all unless you have clothes on!"

shall I tell him to take you?" The stranger chuckled excitedly; his confidence seemed to be return "New York." he whispered. "fast as he can get there! Look here," he added doubtfully, "there's roll of bills in these clothes." "They're yours," said Fred,

"I told you," said Keep, "to ask no 1 As Fred re-entered the hall Winnie

The library led to the front hall, he was lost in admiration. But he Into the hands of the chauffeur he Libby Park, once a vast expanse of or from fright the young man trem- In this was the coatroom. First was not for long lost. To his horror, trust the roll of bills. bled, and, like one who had been making sure the library and hall the door of the coat closet opened wich-and then you're safe!"

With what he considered great

"Did you fix it?" he demanded. The visitor did not heed him. In galoshes," he commanded. "They'll eyes were fastened upon the beauti- throwing him into space. cover you in case you have to run ful and radiant vision presented by I'm going to leave you here Winnie Keep. But he also still pre-"Come," commanded Fred. "The

Still the stranger did not move. a woman, as though her dazzling the naked one was rubbing himself stood still, gazing, gaping, devouring prison in jeering notes of joy and vicviolently with Mrs. Keep's yellow Winnie with his eyes. In her turn, tory. Winnie beheld a strange youth who looked like a groom out of livery, so overcome by her mere presence as to IN his own room Fred collected a be struck motionless and inarticu- but instead the stranger remained all overgrown with thick under-

> TME stranger gave a sudden jerk of his body that might have been intended for a bow. Before Keep are you going to get hway?" could interrupt him, like a parrot re-

"My name's Van Warden. I'm Harry Van Warden." He seemed little convinced of the commanded. "And," he added in a truth of his own statement. It was as though a stage manager had the spine of Fred Keep. He moved drilled him in the lines. But upon Winnie, as her husband

saw to his dismay, the words pro-Then she beamed upon the stran "Won't Mr. Van Warden stay

kind of a Van Warden. He's a who I am? Tell him, if he'll ask me plumber. He's the man that fixes the telephone! He selsed the visitor by the sleeve of the long motorcoat and dragged him down the steps. Reluctantly,

youth jumped. He turned and lifted T was the stranger who was the first to act. Pushing past Fred and slipping from his own shoulders ment and anxiety fell from him and into the seat beside the chauffeur, and his life of service and love. For for every occasion.

"Get him away!" he ordered. "It's running, breathed in short, hard were free of servants. Fred tiptoed toward his wife and out of the closet only twelve miles to the Connecticut trees were felled. Later a space was they fashioned a rustic sign, "Libby door, switched on the electric light, accustomed to seeing young men him clothes and a ticket to Boston, busy cutting away and smoothing

> he swung upon Fred. "Am I right?" he demanded. "Of course!" roared Fred. He flung amazement, in abject admiration, his his arm at the chauffeur as though "Get-to-hell-out-of-here!" he shout-

As though suddenly remembering

while I get you some clothes. If any served sufficient presence of mind to The chauffeur, by profession a criminal, but by birth a human being, chuckled savagely and this time threw in the tlutch. With a grinding of gravel the racing car leaped justly proud of the country atmos- THE white-haired veteran was hap-As though he had never before seen into the night, its ruby rear lamp phere. winking in farewell, its tiny siren loveliness held him in a trance, he answering the great siren of the

posed to leap to the running-board,

stranger by the arm. "But you?" he demanded. "How The stranger turned appealingly

Winnie Keep.

stay for dinner."

A terrible and icy chill crept down so that the light from the hall fell full upon the face of the stranger. "Will you kindly tell me," Fred demanded, "who the devil you are?" The stranger exclaimed peevishly "I've been telling you all evening." he

protested. "I'm Harry Van Warden!"

CRIDLEY, the ancient butler, ap-"Dinner is served, madam." The stranger gave an exclamation

of pleasure. "Hello, Gridley!" he Her husband emitted a howl. "He will not!" he cried. "He's not that cried. "Will you please tell Mr. Keep to dinner, I won't steal the spoons." Upon the face of Gridley appeared a smile it never had been the privilege of Fred Keep to behold. The butler beamed upon the stranger speak when there burst in upon them The stranger exclaimed vigor-almost resistingly, the visitor atum-fondly, proudly, by the right of long that overlooked the lake. It comful getaway.

The athles of the question did not the roaring acream of the giren. The outly, by the right of long outly and long outly are right of long outly and long outly are right of long outly are right.

No "keep off the grass" signs harbored in Libby Park, for Mr. Libbs In the heart of Petworth this park had learned the great truth that the once flourished. Bounded on the groves which were God's first temples

blocks where, on the east, it was Libby's name was known and loved bounded by Rock Creek cemetery. through the whole of Petworth.

mediate family, but his park and his

One Fourth of July Petworth cititoken touched him deeply.

Soldiers' Home Hospital, as he was existing conditions, started to work being treated there and had not the there. A local attorney named Na- strength to go back and forth each day. But his friends did not forget for many years, but he had never seen him, and he received hundreds of letters of commendation for the work mission to improve it in any way he had done. These letters, with the rest of his personal effects, were sent to his nearest relative, a brother. owner), nothing. He further prom- after his death, which occurred on January 20, 1920. He was then eighty

As for Libby Park, a movement was